

# The Painter

Future Islands

Fear of black and yellow  
Is pushing in the blue  
Here, I made a willow  
Traces of you

Crushing a piano  
The pieces in the yard  
I can see the faces  
Tracing your heart

Fear has made you shallow  
Hiding in your tomb  
I'm screaming at the dust  
"Is this good by you?"

Whoa-oh, oh-oh  
Calling out in space  
Calling out for home  
I once called you friend  
Greatest fool, I know

Been around the city  
And out in the country  
Been around the world, now  
I'm out in the water

I'm waving not drowning  
What's lost in the painting?

Somebody y'all know  
Somebody y'all know  
Somebody  
Somebody

Sienna yellow  
Fire apple hue  
Whoa, oh, I'm screaming at the dust  
"Is this good by you?"

Whoa-oh, oh-oh  
Calling out in space  
On the canvas cold  
On the pallet knife  
Only red you know

Been around the world now  
And out in the country  
Been to every city  
I'm out in the water

Waving not drowning  
I don't need a savior  
I'm waving not drowning  
What's lost in the painting?

What's lost in the painting, in the crimson holes?  
What's under the shadows that you made your own?

Some can't see it all  
Some can't see at all  
Some can't see it all  
Some can't see at all  
Some can't see it all  
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